Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King. Euen all *I* haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule *I* loue thy daughter.
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
Kin. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule.
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers.
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule *I* loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen *I*, what thinke you of it madame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
King. That *I* would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

Her

Her vncle Riuers, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
Kin. Inferre faire Englands peace by tuis alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
Kin. Say that the king which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
Kin. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
Kin. Say *I* will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
Kin. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
Kin. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
Kin. Say *I* her soueraigne, am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraigntie.
Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.
Kin. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.
Kin. Madam, your reasons are too shallow & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
Harpe on it still shall *I*, till heart strings breake.
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophand, dishonord, and the third vsurped.
Kin. *I* sweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrongd.
Kin. Now, by the world.